

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



JANUARY, 1930

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LA SAINTE VIERGE DE FRANCE

By heaven a comely maid was sent
To free her country from distress;
His aid in this to her God lent
And did her trials and sorrows bless.

She came as morning fair and clear
With voice that sent a clarion call;
No thought she had of death or fear,
Since foes her country would enthrall.

The victory won; she lived as saint,
But was accounted Satan's friend;
She had not thought that man would taint
Her name, and from her glory rend.

Oh, glorious virgin, now in bliss
Enthroned on high beside that Ark
From which, for us in this abyss,
Obtain thou grace, St. Joan of Ark!

—Hugo Uhrich, '30

HURRY, "HOSS", HURRY

Just as the sun was receding from the sky, and the mellow tang of evening breezes was inviting everybody out of doors, two school chums, Frank and Bill, made their way to that part of a near-by arbor familiarly known as "Poets' Corner", and there, seating themselves on a rustic divan, began to discuss plans for the long vacation at the close of school. Presently a pal of theirs, seeing them in the arbor, shouted,

"Hey fellows, come on, the grades are posted. Hurry over to the bulletin and see how you stand!"

It was not long before Frank and Bill returned, feeling quite elated because of their success in the recent examinations. They were so happy in fact at the thought of the pleasure that would come to their parents upon receiving the report, that for some minutes neither of them spoke a word. Bill was the first to take up the conversation; but not about grades, no, that would mean talking shop; it was the plans for the vacation that were occupying his mind. Turning to Frank he said:

"Well, on what have you resolved for this summer's vacation?"

"Gosh, Bill," replied Frank, "that's rather difficult to say on the spur of the moment. Really, I haven't given the subject very much thought as yet. Why, what plans have you?"

"Well, coming right down to the matter," answered Bill, "I must say that I am in the same fix as you are. I would like to make a trip to the Rocky Mountains, or to Niagara Falls, but I don't know which trip to choose."

"I have an idea," said Frank. "Bill what do you say to this? We'll both go on a hunting trip to Canada. After school has closed, we'll start getting things ready, and as soon as they are ready, we'll go. How about it?"

"Great idea, Frank! Now there are only two days more until school will close; hence we shall have to hurry," Bill observed.

"Well, I must be running along now to look after matters that claim my immediate attention," answered Frank. "Think over what we have planned, and we shall make arrangements as soon as possible."

Leaving Bill on the divan in the arbor, Frank hurried away to his room. Scarcely had he turned to work when the doorbell rang. Upon opening the door, he was surprised to see a messenger boy who carried a telegram. The words of the message fairly made Frank beam with excitement. He hurried back to the arbor, shouting,

"Hurrah, hurrah! Bill, a trip to Europe! Say, I'm sorry, old boy, that our vacation plans have gone to smash. Here, read the message yourself. Goodness, but uncle Ray is a sport! Now, let me see it again. Oh, it can't be; but, yes, it seems the message must have been delayed. Note the "pass" calls for the seven-fifteen train this very evening, how shall I make it? I must bathe, shave, dress-up, and do a hundred other things. By heavens, it is six-fifteen now! Why couldn't my uncle let me know sooner? Well, I observe from the message that his secretary took sick, and that is something he couldn't know sooner. So now I am to be his secretary, good! But my cousin, Florence, will be among the graduates; I know she wants me to be present at the affair.

Oh, I'll write to her. She will be displeased, of course, but—well,—.”

Frank turned to look out of the window. There looming grandly against the evening sky were the college buildings where he had hoped to join in cheering and applauding the happy graduates just two days from then. He felt that he must disappoint all his companions now, and particularly his cousin, Florence. He hated the thought, but uncle Ray's message necessitated immediate departure. Just at that moment he saw a farmer coming along the street with a rawboned nag hitched to a rattling old wagon. Instantly Frank determined to ask the farmer for a ride to the railway station. A taxi might have been called, but excitement left no room for orderly thinking. With a lurch he was at the door and called and waved frantically at the farmer.

The farmer, however, continued to jog along without giving any attention to shouts and demonstrations of whatever kind. But Frank was insistent. He shouted louder and louder, until the farmer was compelled to stop and rid himself, as he thought, of a nuisance.

“What do you mean,” he inquired as Frank came up, “is this some of your college-boy shenanigans?”

“No,” replied Frank, “I want you to take me with my suitcase to the railway station; will you do it?”

“Well, I reckon, I'll do it for ten dollars in advance,” returned the farmer.

“Good, good, come up to my lodging house,” was Frank's brief reply.

The farmer drove up, and was told to wait just a little. Frank hurried into the house and implored Bill to pack the suitcase for him, while he would get into his best clothes and doll up a bit for the journey.

Bill did as he was asked to do. Into the suitcase went helter-skelter the letter with the 'pass', shoes, socks, shirts, toilet articles, anything and everything without consideration for use or no use. Within a few minutes all was ready. What difference did it make that shirt sleeves, socks, handkerchiefs were sticking out of the suitcase on all sides? Speed was the only thing that had any value just then. Bill grabbed the case and made for the wagon; Frank followed, even though he had to finish dressing himself while on the run. But he was not to get away so easy. The old pickle-faced landlady was right at his heels shouting:

"Say, you young rascal, you're not going to leave without paying your board bill; if you do, I'll have a cop on your trail, do you hear?"

Without saying a word, Frank tossed a twenty dollar bill at her feet; bounded on the wagon, gave a hurried handshake to Bill, and urged the farmer to speed up his nag. But it was here that Frank discovered that he was not riding with a taxi driver. There was no way to make the farmer understand that he must hurry. Finally, Frank decided to talk plainly.

"You'll have to hurry, old man, and speed up that nag of yours because I must reach that station by seven-fifteen, and it is ten minutes to seven now. You know that we have almost two miles to go. So use the whip, old man, use the whip."

"I hain't gonna ruin my good hoss for any amount of money, young lad," returned the farmer. "If you don't make that seven-fifteen train you're talking about, then take another. That is my way of looking at it. Corn doesn't make a crop over night, and

a day wants twenty-four hours in which to get by. So just keep your dander down, my lad."

"Yes," answered Frank, "and a week wants seven days, and a year wants twelve months, but I want this train in twenty-five minutes. So hurry, do hurry. Here is another ten dollar bill if you make that train."

"Well, all right," assented the farmer.

Now the old nag fairly flew. Frank had hardly settled down quietly in the wagon seat when the thought about the 'pass' began to harass him.

"Ho, stop,—no, go on," he shouted. "Whip her up!"

He recalled that he had told Bill to put the 'pass' into the suitcase, but he wanted to make sure of it. Climbing over the rear of the seat while the wagon was jerking up and down like a teeter-totter he made his way to the suitcase. Quickly he forced it open only to see socks, collars, and handkerchiefs fly in all directions. Oh, even a photograph took leave from him. As he saw it fade away in the dust, he noted the features of Florence.

"Good-by, Florence, happy days be yours," were the words he sent after the picture. He would not stop to get it now and if it were all gold.

Meanwhile the people along the street were indulging a hearty laugh at seeing the old farmer whipping his horse, while Frank was swaying from side to side in the old wagon with hat off and coat flying in the wind.

Oh, here is the letter with the 'pass', gosh, what a relief," he said to himself. "And there is the station, good luck, good luck, indeed!"

There was scarcely sufficient time for Frank to push his clothing back into the suitcase before the

farmer's boney old nag had brought him to his destination, but even now he was not as yet clear of trouble. The farmer's horse being almost dead from overexertion made so sudden a stop when the lines were drawn that the farmer fell forward and dashed his head soundly against the front end of the wagon bed.

"Any bones broken?" Frank inquired hurriedly.

"No—no—I don't think—I don't think—."

"Well here's your ten dollar bill—the extra one."

Saying these words Frank rushed for his train. He had not a minute to lose, but now finding himself safe on his journey, a most agreeable feeling of relief settled upon him. He felt so good that he was most willing to talk to anybody, and very soon entered into a conversation with a young man who had a decided college air about himself. This new acquaintance appeared to be deeply interested in Frank's story of hurrying and rushing to reach the train. After some time he asked Frank very directly:

"How many years have you spent in college?"

"I shall be a Junior next fall," Frank answered.

"I thought so," continued the young man. "If you had just come to be a little older—come to be a Senior, for instance, you would have learned to think twice before acting. You would have put your 'pass' into your coat pocket; you would have called a taxi; you would have done your dressing on the train where now you have a plenty of time. What you have pulled off is just what a farmer would call a college boy's shenanigans."

"Shenanigans," thought Frank to himself. "Well, that is just the word the farmer used. What can that word mean? Can it really mean that I am a dumb-bell? But let it mean what it may for the

present; I am to find out what it really means when I am a Senior. Yes, I shall be wise; may this be the last trip I take before I enter into the habitations of the really wise."

Richard Rauth, '30

THE SCIENCE OF BLUNDERING

Habits of whatever kind, if consistently practiced, eventually attain to such a degree of precision in their modes of operation that they may very well be termed sciences. Those who acquire habits are, therefore, in possession of sciences whose advantages or disadvantages may serve to promote either comfort, ease, and success; or may bear fruits in the shape of annoyances, vexations, and distress. In connection with these considerations one may very reasonably refer to the habit of shuffling or fumbling—a habit that quite naturally turns into what may be characterized as the science of blundering. The peculiar suggestion that this term conveys to the mind would, at the first blush, seem to give assurance of nothing but failure. This, however, is not true. How often do we not hear of people who "made a lucky break"; who actually blundered their way into prosperity! Charles Lamb offers an incident that is much to the purpose in his essay on "Roast Pig". Were it not for the lucky blunder of Bo-Bo, whose fondness for playing with fire resulted in destroying his father's barn and in burning several pigs to death, perhaps mankind would have lived on for centuries without that delicious delicacy known as roast pig.

Another incident that, though it has nothing of

the enticing odor of roast pig about itself, is quite as much to the point in illustrating the good results that may arise out of the sheer muddle of blundering, may be derived from an accident that occurred in a confectionary establishment. An employee, so it is reliably reported, casually dropped a brick of ice cream into a vat of liquid chocolate. His blundering naturally evoked a volley of "affectionate appellations" from the foreman who hurriedly dipped the brick of ice cream from the vat, fearing all the while to look how much the chocolate had been spoiled by the awkward accident. When some minutes later he stumbled on that same brick of ice cream, he noticed to his surprise that it had taken on a hard coating of chocolate. He saw his opportunity; blundering had operated in his favor; it made him the inventor of the first "Eskimo Pie" out of which a tremendous trade was to evolve.

These are just two of the many incidents in which the science of blundering has played a successful role. Many inventions and discoveries have originated out of this vexing phase of accidents, but surely no one will condemn or even ridicule those who have vision enough to turn these "lucky breaks" to advantage.

In contrast to its lucrative side, however, the science of blundering can and often does show another side which entails chagrin, discomfiture, and even bad humor. It is this side of the process of fumbling that deserves very special attention. There is such a creature as the "enfant terrible". At least people talk about this species of social nuisance a great deal. He is always present, and has always been present in every division of society. That he will hold to his place steadily as long as the well-

worn adage, "To err is human," can be applied to mankind is certainly beyond the reach of every doubt. It is the fancy of the "enfant terrible" to vest each of his actions with the awkwardness of that real thoughtlessness which is so outrightly disagreeable to all with whom he comes into contact. To make him see his blunders is practically impossible. In applying his ugly science, he has come to be so blunt that everybody will try to shun him, or to say the least, will treat him curtly. Of course he is too dense in mind to be able to figure out why others persist in detesting him. He has no more than left one person in disgust who unwillingly encountered him, when he forces his undesirable presence upon another victim, quite as did the bore who fastened himself on the poet, Horace, in the old Roman Forum. He has few friends, if any, and those who do befriend him are usually adepts at blundering similar to himself.

It is even very well known that in the third century before Christ the votaries of the science of blundering were in every respect like their counterparts are to this day. To substantiate this statement, we need but turn the pages of the work belonging to the ancient humorist Theophrastus, who takes the "enfant terrible" to task in the following lines:

"He whose words and actions, though they may be well intended, are never well timed, is a most troublesome companion. The blunderer, having some affair on which he wishes to confer with his friend, calls at the hour when he is most busily engaged. He comes to sup with his friend while he is ill of a fever. He solicits one who has just forfeited bail to be surety for him; or appears to give his evidence when the cause is adjudged. He will rail at woman

kind at a wedding dinner. He asks persons to join him in a parade whom he meets just as they are returning from a journey. He will offer to find you a better purchaser for an article which you assure him is already sold. He stands up in company to explain some business from the very beginning, which everyone perfectly understands already. He is forward to meddle in some affair which those most nearly concerned heartily wish he would let alone. He will come to demand interest from his debtors at a moment when they are engaged in a sacrifice or feast. If he happens to be present at a neighbor's house while a slave is beaten, he recounts an instance which occurred in his own family, of a servant, who, being thus corrected, went out and hanged himself. Should he be chosen to arbitrate between parties who wish to be reconciled, he will, by his bungling interference, set them at variance again."

From the foregoing characterization as applied by Theophrastus to the blunderer it is evident that stupidity seasoned with conceit is directly responsible for most of the antics that this especially peculiar being has to his credit. To make a test of this assumption it will only be necessary to turn the search light of criticism on him for the purpose of making him see his faults. While no person with normal instincts will hesitate to acknowledge his faults, the "enfant terrible" will use every artifice to avoid confession to a mistake. Does not a person quite naturally think more of the one who, if he be proved wrong, will cheerfully reply, "My mistake is your treat," than of one, who, "though vanquished, will argue still?" But the blunderer will continue to argue and quibble like a termagant in spite of all refutation and in spite of all proof. He is usually so stupid in his

conceit that he considers himself too perfect to allow criticism of his actions, or to admit that he could possibly be in the wrong. He forgets that criticism is the acid test of value. To his egotism then it must be attributed that he proceeds to blunder along resenting anything that smacks of a correction or of advice because he thinks himself to be more than good enough. He does not know the maxim, "No one is judge in his own case," and if it were told to him, he would not even try to understand it.

The blunderer, furthermore, plies his foolish science when in obedience to his rash and temperamental impulses, he draws hasty conclusions and lays faults that he has discovered at the door of the first person who happens to come to his mind. He never stops to investigate; he levels charges at those whom he does not even know; he always answers before he hears. It is concerning him that it is aptly said, "He who answers before he hears, shows himself a fool and deserving of confusion." An illustrative instance that shows how nicely this saying may be applied to blundering can be gleaned from the following example:

High-School Principal: "Mr. English, I want to show you this paper of David Elkhart's. Is this the sort of English you are teaching in this school? It would disgrace a—a—a—mere—notebook of any pupil. Not endorsed! Scribbled in lead pencil! Can you read it? Crumpled and full of spelling mistakes! And then graded B. You—you are unfit to hold your position."

After this berating Mr. English looked over David Elkhart's papers that belonged to the department of letters and found them all written in ink and graded C. A second glance at the paper in question showed

that it belonged to Mr. History. Immediately the paper was sent back to the Principal with the query, "Can you detect the specific difference between English and History?"

Now, of course, the usual begging of pardon, together with profuse apologies, follows; but for all that, the Principal played the part of an "enfant terrible" perfectly, and that, too, with the result that feelings were hurt; temper was stirred, and a bad taste was left in the mouth of some one.

Naturally, if the field of literature were to be surveyed, countless instances of blundering could be detected. Homer blundered, so Plato says. The German critics maintain that Virgil is guilty of the same fault, and who does not know, if he be acquainted with the A B C's of American Literature, that Edgar Allen Poe accused every contemporary American author of most serious blundering. There are even those who claim that "Sordello" killed the great Robert Browning; at least many in his own day, and equally as many at the present time would have the reading public think so.

To be sure, history deserves at least a glance in connection with the matter here considered, for it offers proof better than does any other department of human knowledge of the fact that the science of blundering is age-old. But it would be futile to attempt to do justice to history in this particular respect, unless a volume, and that, too, one of considerable size were contemplated. Its pages are so badly spotted with blunders that if history could be changed into a living animal, its only truly suitable hide would necessarily have to be a leopard's skin. But its lessons in blundering have served a very good purpose, especially is this so in the larger divisions of human interests.

But the blunders recorded in history and literature belong to the past. They belong to lessons to be learned, but they give people of the present day no particular annoyance. It is rather those every-day exhibitions of awkward conduct; those silly manifestations of pedantry; those uncalled-for bright remarks; those imprudent meddlings with affairs that are other people's business; those leerings and guffawings at the supposed simplicity of others, matters that are one and all of a piece with the attitude of the "enfant terrible", that are to be tabooed. Of course it would mean to entertain a foolish hope if it were expected that the "enfant terrible", together with his science of blundering, could be shifted out of society completely, but the benefit of a warning ought not to be denied to him. One thing is sure that if he does not learn to see, think, act, and speak without his usual conceit and stupidity, he will continue to be a source of embarrassment to others and of discomfiture to himself.

There is an old fable of Aesop that the "enfant terrible" should take to heart. Since above all things in this world he hates to be found on the wrong side in his conduct; hates to be tripped-up in an argument; but at the same time is rash and thoughtless in what he says or does, his fate will usually be none other than that of the thirsty pigeon of the fable which mistook a painted goblet of water for a real one, and, flying swiftly against the picture, broke her wings by the blow only to fall to the ground and be caught.

John W. Baechle, '30

But no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth.—Bacon.

THE GUEST ARRIVES

The light of Time now glimmers low;
And strains of music softly flow
Upon the feebly scented air,
While Days, Weeks, Months lounge here and there
Around the hearth's faint gleaming fires
At which the Old Year with his sires
Now sits and weaves a wond'rous tale
Of hoary things all worn and stale.

Come rich, come poor; come king, come fool;
Come all ye men of life's great school;
Now put aside your gowns and masks
And leave your desks; forget your tasks,
The while you join Time's crooning throng
To share in laughter and in song.

Note, at the door with gaze sublime
Stands one whose name is Father Time
With shoulders hunched, with long white beard,
By Days, Weeks, Months he's sorely feared.
'Tis his stern duty to extend
A welcome to all who attend
The meeting in the hall of Years,
Though come they might in joy or tears.

Now o'er the throng he casts his gaze
From eyes all blurred with age's haze,
And rests his look upon a head
From which the grace of youth has fled.
Oh, Nineteen Twenty-Nine, 'tis you!
Your Days, Weeks, Months are numbered too.
Once you were young, sweet, fine, and fair,
But now your head's bereft of hair.
In accents stern, and grave, yet low,

You're told by Father Time to go.

The Old Year blinked, but did not frown,
Nor did he reach for cap or gown.
Not one word of farewell he spoke
As out of pleasure's ranks he broke.
He passed quick through the gates of gold
Into dark night all drear and cold.
His parting made a bright Day sad,
Which up till then had been quite glad
"My friends, list to what I would say,"
Thus spake the Day and framed this lay:
"What to our friend hath chanced, pardie!
Recalls what once I heard in glee;
There was a lass whose eyes were blue,
Whose hair were of a golden hue,
Whose teeth were white, whose lips were red
Like cherries, as the people said.
But now, alas! her lips are blue,
Her teeth are of a golden hue;
Her hair are white; her eyes are red;
O, horrors! now the people said;
For Father Time, that mean old thing,
Had changed the local coloring.
This fate too will be yours and mine,
E'en as to Nineteen Twenty-Nine."

Just then with sudden leap and bound,
With vigorous step and thundering sound,
A sturdy youth with manly stride,
With head borne high in haughty pride,
Sweeps in from out the boundless night
And with him brings a flood of light.
Gay music strikes a louder key;
From everywhere rise shouts of glee.

The Days, Weeks, Months now stand about
And from their ranks are singled out
Those whom the youth would have as friends
While to his worldly race he bends.

"Who is this guest?" asks Father Time,
And seeks to put on airs sublime:
"Avaunt, old fool, hang up wour scythe!"
So spake the youth with features blithe;
"Know that of you I have no fear,
For I am he who's named New Year."

Victor Pax, '30

FAILURE MEETS RESOLVE

On several occasions Harry Porter had played poker with a certain Mr. Lamont, who possessed that suavity and oily politeness that mark the professional gambler. Mr. Lamont had always insisted that the stakes be low, and, strangely enough, Harry had left everyone of the meetings as the winner by quite a margin. But again, from another viewpoint, this was not so strange if it be considered that Mr. Lamont knew his business with the perfection of an adept who understands how to "lead the fish on". Yes, "lead the fish on" was the idea that he continuously had in mind. He expected that whatever money he might lose would be returned to him fourfold.

One night, after a particularly long session, Harry's wife said a trifle anxiously: "Harry, dear, the New Year is about to begin. Won't you please stop playing for money,—at least for large amounts?"

Harry thought for a moment and then answered determinately: "Very well, Helen, I will."

On the thirtieth of December, Harry had a real stroke of luck. A contract handled by his usual shrewd ability netted a bonus of two hundred dollars. Naturally he was well pleased with himself. The Christmas holidays had made quite a hole in his savings account, a matter which made him debate the wisdom of having spent so much money in giving presents. Upon relating his success to Helen, he remarked that he would deposit the amount of the bonus in the bank on the very next morning, but when Helen suggested that he should stow the money away in a secure place over night, he observed that the safest place for money in all the world was right in his own pockets..

After the evening meal, Harry decided to take a little walk. It was a typical winter's evening. The snow had ceased to fall. Under foot, in the bright beams of the moon, sparkled a beautiful soft carpet of white. As he glanced at the twinkling stars, he recalled with a feeling of interest the excitement that he had experienced at lucky games during the Christmas period.

Idly following out his trend of thought, he walked until he found himself before the Bankers' Club. Urged by a desire for a smoke, he entered to purchase a cigar. His gambling friend, Mr. Lamont, noticed the roll of bills which Harry drew from out his pocket while he asked for change. It was the bonus money which he had forgotten to leave at home. Mr. Lamont felt that the proper moment had come. He greeted Harry with a cheerful "Good Evening", and, after a few minutes of conversation, suggested that it would be well to have a little game. Harry demurred at the suggestion; pleaded haste

and advanced several other excuses, but his weakness was only too evident. He had not played for two weeks, and the shuffle of the cards and the dull clatter of the chips were music to his ears—a real sweet music; a siren's song that attracted him strongly.

“Come on,” pleaded Mr. Lamont in a half-joking tone, “Give me a chance to win back some of my money; or if you like, give yourself a chance to take more of it.”

But Harry hesitated. The thought of the promise he had made to his wife pinched his mind. Mr. Lamont now bullied him with taunts of being broke, of being down-and-out, of being a piker, and the like until Harry flushed and finally said a bit sheepishly, “All right, let's go!”

They withdrew to a room reserved for players at cards. A large table covered with a layer of smooth green rubber occupied the center of the floor. Over the table was suspended a light with a green shade that cast a mellow glow throughout the room. Six chairs and a few sport prints completed the furnishings. Altogether the place was an inviting retreat. Harry and Mr. Lamont had believed themselves to be alone; hence they were more than surprised when of a sudden two strangers put in their appearance and took the right without an invitation to ‘sit in’ at the game. Mr. Lamont, in particular, looked with disfavor upon the intruders, but since he could not very well refuse to play with them, he resolved to fleece “the bunch”.

Luck was with Harry from the start. Quickly he doubled and re-doubled his money. Mr. Lamont quizzically suggested that the limit should be set at five dollars. Harry objected, but the other two

agreed, and the game continued at higher stakes. Harry felt elated, for it was 'his night.' Luck was with him. As his winnings grew larger, his excitement rose, his hands shook, and his eyes took on a reckless gleam. Then—oh, then, in a single pot he lost all to Mr. Lamont, who held a 'little straight'. It was not much that 'little straight', but it topped Harry's three kings. For an instant Harry stared unbelieving at the cards which seemed to mock at him from the table. Then with reckless disregard he reached into his pockets and with a flushed face he threw the bonus money on the table with a loud knock and cried, "I'll stake that against the pot you just won, Mr. Lamont!"

For a moment Mr. Lamont's eyes gleamed triumphantly through the cigar smoke. Then controlling his features he shrugged his shoulders indifferently and said:

"We better quit now—it's getting late, and we're about even anyway."

Harry was too deeply engrossed in the game to note the meaning of Mr. Lamont's words. He was determined to win back what he had lost—just the thing that Mr. Lamont surmised and wanted him to do. The two strange men consented to play another game. Mr. Lamont dealt the cards. The man at his left refused to cut. Harry's first card was a duce—the second and third were aces. He clutched feverishly for a fourth card. Another duce turned up—"ah," he thought, "if I can only fill out—then—then!" But when he saw the last card, he gasped audibly. He had drawn a third ace to make a full house. Hardly being able to conceal his excitement, Harry pushed forward his two hundred dollars. The next man looked at his cards with blinking eyes, but he determined to meet the bid. The other

stranger and Mr. Lamont stuck to the game. Harry sought to control himself, but he could not sit still. His excitement was too strong to allow him to be quiet. He even feared that the others at the table would hear the pounding of his heart. Finally, he heard himself trying to answer calmly Mr. Lamont's query, "How many?"

"I think I'll play these," said Harry while his hands trembled so badly that he had to rest them on the table.

The man next to Harry drew two cards. Harry watched the man's face eagerly and observed a flicker of disappointment steal over it.

"I'll take one card," said the other stranger and when he looked at it, he threw down his hand and left the room.

Mr. Lamont dealt himself two cards, and without looking at them he leaned across the table and sneered: "My hand is too darned good to let go for a measly two hundred—suppose we raise the ante?"

Harry's mind raced feverishly. His hand was a good one, but obviously so was that of Mr. Lamont. He might be holding fours, thought Harry, but he had called for two cards and had not even looked to see what they were. Well, after all it might only be a bluff.

"I am willing enough, Mr. Lamont," replied Harry, "if my check will be acceptable."

The one remaining stranger cast a sharp look at Mr. Lamont and Harry for a moment and then announced:

"It's too steep for me—I'm out."

With nervous fingers Harry wrote out a check for five hundred dollars. Momentarily he felt a keen pricking of conscience. Suppose he should lose?

Why, he would have to start all over again. What would Helen say? What the children? He finished the check with a flourish, laid it beside Mr. Lamont's neat pile of greenbacks and then quite carelessly said:

"I'll call you!"

Mr. Lamont, with disconcerting ease, turned up his cards one by one, and as the picture was completed, Harry sat and stared stupidly at four kings that seemed to leer crazily at him from the green-topped table.

With a hoarse chuckle Mr. Lamont reached for the money, but as he was about to lay his fingers on it, a sharp voice cut in, "Just a minute, card-shark!" Mr. Lamont looked up amazed and not a little startled. He opened his mouth to speak, but before he could utter a word, the stranger—the last of the two who had left the table—continued:

"That was a pretty neat trick you pulled off, old fellow, but it was not quite clever enough. I happened to see you slip that fourth king from the middle of the deck. How about that?"

These words electrified Harry. He sprang out of his chair, and in a moment his fingers gripped at the throat of Mr. Lamont. Terror-stricken Mr. Lamont fumbled about his coat as if to lay hold of something. But the stranger quickly seized his hands and pinned them down, while Harry secured the vest-pocket automatic.

"This is a trap," snarled Mr. Lamont.

"No, it's no trap," replied the stranger, "I merely happen to be a private detective hired by this club for the purpose of foiling the likes of you. I'm acquainted with the tricks of card-sharks, and, al-

though to the uninitiated, such a trick as you attempted to pull might pass as strange and wonderful, yet to me it looked pretty crude, pretty crude." Then changing his voice suddenly he snapped:

"Come along. We've got places for scamps of your kind." So saying he grasped Mr. Lamont by the arm and led him from the room, stopping only long enough to add:

"The pot is yours, Harry Porter, but in future make sure that you know the fellow with whom you play."

Harry pocketed the money and hurried home. All that evening he wore a serious mien. He tried to bury his thoughts in the pages of a magazine, but he was so confused that he forgot to light up the room in which he was sitting, and seemingly tried to read by the light of the hearth fire. This attitude on the part of Harry attracted the attention of his wife. She approached asking:

"Why so pensive, dear?"

To this question Harry answered, "I am making my New Year's resolutions, Helen, and among these resolutions is this one, 'Poker, no more'."

Ralph Boker, '31

Nobody, I believe, will deny, that we are to form our judgment of the true nature of the human mind, not from sloth and stupidity of the most degenerate and vilest of men, but from the sentiments and fervent desires of the best and wisest of the species.
—Archbishop Leighton.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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EDITORIAL

When a ship covered with the snow and ice of the wintry ocean, sails into harbor, it appears to have been the object of ridicule to the stormy wind and waves that rule the deep. Yet, in spite of its maltreated appearance, a certain lofty majesty and imposing stateliness cling to it, and give the suggestion that a successful journey has been accomplished in the face of serious difficulties. Within a few days this same edifice of the ocean will have

undergone a complete restoration and will again resume its journey across the turbulent waters.

We, animated by an invigorating enthusiasm of fresh resolves, are seeking admission to the entrance of the New Year. Forgetful of past failures and misfortunes, we seek rejuvenation. We come once more to the beginning, to our prime "hour of life", in the hope to attain our visualized dreams, and ultimately to realize the loftiness and sublimity of life's purpose. Who, though wretched he may be, will interrupt such an ideal meditation with thoughts of frustrated attempts, of wilted courage, of dreams that remained dreams, and of wholehearted efforts that failed to receive just retribution? It would indeed be of small consequence if he did, for, like the ship whose jetsam has been cast ashore again undauntedly prepares to sail the sinister waters, so man, untouched by the weird tales of experience and revived by a new challenge, will again, and this time more nobly, put himself to the severe test of another year. In this new test or trial it must be his aim to render his heart invincible to the gibing railery and flouting mocks of ridicule that the tempestuous sea of life will sneeringly fling at him.

The beginning of a new year usually finds us resolving upon improvement in those actions of ours that in the past have not been creditable. Strong in our resolves, we step forward boldly and dare the world to lead us astray. Interest in our novel resolves fills us with confidence that defies all failure. It instills a zest that spurs us on to praiseworthy deeds and fills our hearts with dreams that may perchance come true.

How often do not beginnings remain beginnings? How often does not the builder lay the foundation for the house of perfection only to leave that bare foundation to crumble in the dust of iniquity and crime? The youth who struggled for experience reaps the "harvest of disaster"; tragedy overshadows the efforts of the middle-aged man who strove for success and fortune; the old man is doomed to disappointment in the hope of prolonging his years; that once stately ship "flounders, or floats waterlogged on strange, deserted seas." The discouragement resulting from one deviation from the good New Year's resolution is enough to abandon all tendency to restore that resolution. But it must be restored, cost what effort it may, or the sign of failure will be written all over a man's life.

Too much ambition at the beginning of some work usually leads to the non-completion of that work. For this reason the Collegian staff is not resolving and promising to raise the standard of the Collegian to an insurmountable height. It merely intends to do justice to the work entrusted to its care and, if possible on its part, to improve some defects which have been brought to notice by helpful comment. The Collegian endorses sound criticism and voices the opinion of the present staff in regard to the ideas expressed by others concerning itself. It would indeed be unjust for a person to advocate the making of resolutions and not make any himself. Be it resolved, therefore, that every member of the staff will give unsparing efforts to the cause of the Collegian so as not to endanger its standard.

EXCHANGES

"A Most Happy Year" to all our exchanges. Our greetings are coming along a little late, but they are sincere just the same. May this time next year find us all engaged in editing real school papers such as will strive to match up to the requirements of genuine scholarship—a thing that will be reached only by improving the literary sections.

By its beautiful rose color, THE DIAL from St. Mary's Kansas in the Christmas issue invites its readers to an enjoyable literary treat. We have spent an entire afternoon absorbed in the material offered by this very fine journal. The essays, stories, and poems of THE DIAL show what can be done to make a college publication worth while. Our interest was especially attracted by Kenton Kilmer's discussion of his father's poetry, and by a lyric that may well be called brilliant, "Our Mother", which is the work of the same very able writer. Of course we heartily second the editorial, "Undergraduate Pegasus", for we also would appreciate it if our younger classmates would write more frequently for our local publication. Remi Gassman's woodcuts are of a kind that draw attention by the suggestions that they convey. In a word we mean to say that we are proud to have THE DIAL on our exchange list.

We were pleased to note the quite novel appearance of THE RENSSELAERIAN in its Christmas garb. There are features about this paper that awaken our interest beyond the fact that it comes from the town of Rensselaer where the students of St. Joe's are accustomed to get their monthly sodas. We thank the writer of the editorial, "Chewing",

because he expresses our own ideas on that subject perfectly. The "Principles" column—a means whereby the teacher and the student may become better acquainted is an especially good section in this paper. Your work is fine, RENSSELAERIAN, keep it up.

Routt College, Jacksonville, Illinois, sends us the WAG, a paper that is an actual gauge of the work of individual students. This is just what a school journal should be. That the teacher's ability should not be reflected directly, but only indirectly through the student's efforts in a school paper is a principle that should be well observed, and THE WAG tries to uphold this principle. For the reason that THE WAG in its various sections lives up to our ideal of an ordinary school magazine, we hold it worthy of just encomium.

While we of the Collegian staff are trying to do our work, a driving snow-storm is going on out of doors. The looks of the weather just make us pine to be far away in the land of sunshine where red flannels and heavy jerseys are unknown. Since this, however, is impossible for us, we shall try to console ourselves by reading OLD GOLD AND PURPLE from Warren Easton High School, New Orleans, La. Among the short stories in this paper we found the one entitled "Southern Hospitality" to be of special merit because of its clever and unique plot. In the "Necklace", an otherwise rather interesting story, the writer shows that he is not very well acquainted with the butcher's business, at least, in as far as the dressing of turkeys is concerned. We should like to see more essays and poems in this paper, as the contributors show by their way of writing that they could handle these forms of literature with good success.

THE RATTLER from San Antonio, Texas, invites attention by the enthusiastic manner in which it narrates the events connected with a visit of the football team to Chicago. The editorial, "Thanksgiving", has a flavor about it that made us recall the celebration of that great day, together with all the joy and cheer that it brought with itself. But THE RATTLER is quite able to give us something more than the record of a football game, and we shall look forward expectantly for better things in future issues.

Grateful recognition is given to the following: The Red and White; Loyola News; Gothic; Spotlight; Aurora; The Printcrafters; The Brown and White; The Centric; The Red and Blue; Purple and White; The Adelpian; The Collegian; Blue and White; Chronicle; Calvert News; Hour Glass; Field Afar; H. C. C. Journal; Inklings; Life; Nazarene; Notre Dame News; Periscope; Rambler; St. Joseph's Gleaner; Vista; Shamrock; Black and Red; The Pilgrim; and The Patrician.

LIBRARY NOTES

Every high school student deserving of the name is expected to have a fair knowledge of the classical works of different nations and times. These works, many of which are as old as the art of writing itself, have come down to us, not by mere chance or accident, but because they have stood the test of the ages and because of their solidity and dependability have been placed on the reading lists of many schools for special study. This list is by no means small and the diversity and variety of material should be more than sufficient to satisfy the wants and tastes of each individual.

In view of this fact, any excessive reading of the so-called modern literature, especially fiction, may well be avoided. Since this is the discreet attitude toward contemporary literature in general it is, a fortiori, the proper one with regard to magazines, which as periodicals are by their very nature evanescent in value. What in one issue is discussed in leading articles by the best writers may in the next or at least soon be a thing of the forgotten past. Many of the things mentioned have very little or no effect on us even at the time when they are read, and consequently they cannot be expected to exert an influence on our future life.

The voracious magazine reader is apt to be rather shallow in his literary achievements as compared to the consistent reader of the more classical works. This is a natural consequence. Skipping about as he perforce will from one thing to another, and reading even his fiction in small serial doses, he will after the manner of the proverbial rolling stone "gather no moss" or at the most very little. And because in the current magazine articles there is such an abundance of what may be called trash, much of the moss which he does gather will be of no account and will be in some cases even harmful.

Although these ideas are essentially correct, we need not, of course, go to extremes. There is indeed something to be said in favor of magazine reading. We must not be blind worshippers of the past; we must keep in touch with present day affairs which are constantly changing in this fast-moving world of ours. The actions and undertakings of the leaders of the modern world should be of interest to all, and certainly those who claim to have a higher education cannot afford to hold aloof entirely from the doings

of their fellowmen as they are set forth and discussed in the weekly and monthly periodicals. Since in our age tremendous progress is being made in many important fields, it behooves a wide awake man to keep abreast of the times if he does not wish to be considered an ignoramus.

The importance of magazine articles lies in the fact that they discuss present day problems and various public affairs, sometimes from the critical and at other times from the literary point of view. In this phase they are far superior to the newspaper which gives merely the news and daily events, written up in a racy style that is far from being literary and has little profit for the reader.

It must be admitted, therefore, that the student should do a certain amount of magazine reading; and to obtain the best results and advantages of such reading, he will do well to bear the following points in mind. First, he should select magazines which he will be able to follow regularly, and not skip from one to another by merely glancing at the titles and passing over them. Second, he should acquaint himself with the chief writers and regular contributors to the selected magazines and establish them as his literary friends and acquaintances, so that when a new story or article appears he can tell (often at least) by glancing at the name of the author whether or not it is worth the time he would have to spend in reading it. Lastly, he should form a habit of glancing through the contents of his favorite magazines, and pick out those articles which have become of interest to him due to his earlier reading. Using some such method he will be able to avoid the harmful effect against which he is warned in the old adage of the "rolling stone."

The student can hardly do better than to include in his list one or two of the better magazines to be found in the literary, social, and scientific fields. If he wishes to make a special study of any one of these, the latest material will not be lacking him. And if he is an interested student of music, here again he will find several of the best and most popular magazines that the music realm has to offer. In them he will find not only useful hints and aids in the achievement of genius, but also many of the latest pieces, written and contributed by the recognized masters of the present day world of music.

To us the Catholic magazines are, no doubt, the most beneficial, and, while their editors are rather selective in their choice of articles, nevertheless they cannot be accused of prejudice or partiality. "The Catholic World", "The Commonweal", "America", and "The Month" are a few of the more popular Catholic magazines and of these "The Catholic World" and "The Commonweal" are listed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature". This distinction alone is sufficient to point out their worth and universal merit. The fact that they are edited and published by Catholic organizations does not mean that all their articles are based on bible teachings and written in sermon style, but it does mean that they are written for the purpose of giving to the people the Catholic point of view on the topics of the day. This is a fact well-worth remembering at a time when universal antagonism tends toward the elimination of anything that smacks of religion and its principles.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.—Browning.

SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Last year the C. L. S. had seven keys to Baldpate, but it seems that this year even the last one of these keys is missing; there was no Christmas play. Since, therefore, the C. L. S. has no public program to review in this issue, a short resume of its achievements thus far this year might be in place.

That the society showed keen judgment in the choice of a capable set of officers has been verified at every meeting. The president, John Kraus, has by his timely talks and orderly management of the meetings successfully led the C. L. S. through the first semester. His jovial, yet dignified appearance on the platform, at all times inspired all members, while his hearty laughter, when occasion required, lent a cheerful atmosphere to every meeting.

Extreme interest and pleasing variety of construction characterized the minutes of the society as recorded by Marcellus Dreiling.

Thomas Durkin has, by his mild yet pointed criticisms and encouraging commendations, worked for the perfection of the C. L. S. through the betterment of its individual members. Both the private and public programs of this semester have been so well presented as to afford the Moderator and the out-going officers a well grounded reason for rejoicing at the progress which has been made, and for expecting greater achievements in the future.

NEWMAN CLUB

In making its debut with the presentation of "The High School Freshman" a three act comedy by

Charles Ulrich on the 7th of December, the Newman Club showed its audience that it had some real talent in its members. While this play did not eclipse the club's first production of last year, "Adam's Apple", the fault is not to be attributed to the participants of "The High School Freshman" but rather to the playwright who consistently used language which, from the mouths of High School students, seemed somewhat stilted. The acting, however, was very commendable.

The plot was also somewhat weak. The scene was laid in Bellville High School, where for some weeks previous a series of locker pilferings had been committed. The guilty student, James Clark, moved by jealous hatred of Harry Templeton, the freshman all-star quarterback of the school football team, succeeds in shifting the guilt of these thefts upon Templeton. As a result the Excelsior team refuses to play the Belleville team with Templeton in the line-up. The morning of the game, Si Harris, a rustic, with the aid of Ben Castle proves that Templeton is innocent and that the real crook is Clark. The game is played; Belleville wins; and Harry Templeton, the hero of the game, is given a warm reception by all, while Clark is shamefully banished by his associates.

Herman Schnurr as the hero Harry Templeton, lived his part exceptionally well and made a fine appearance on the stage. His Senior friend, Will Thornton, played by Maurice Meyers, portrayed the part of a friend who remained true to a pal although all others shunned him. The role of villain is a difficult one for it requires more make-believe than do other parts, yet Fred Cardinali acted it so well that the audience did not recognize Fred's amiable self, but saw in him only the treacherous and despicable

James Clark. In "The High School Freshman" Leonard Storch discarded all his sedateness and dignity to live the part of Julius Cohen, the comedy lead of the play. The antics and caprices of Julius were no little features in the life of the play. Frank Novak, who was raised in the little hamlet of Detroit, Michigan, was the logical choice for the characterization of Si Harris, a country product. His part was handled exceptionally well and his actions were entirely in keeping with the color of his hair. The rest of the players showed promising talent and helped to make the play a success. They were: Jack Morrell, a football coach, Vincent Mallifski; Charlie Jackson, a yell master, Thomas Siebeneck; Sam Belton, a student from the west, Joseph Otte; Lew Sampson, used by Clark as a tool, Charles Maloney; Orrie Morton, a young dilettante, Lawrence Ernst; Ben Castle, who thinks study a bore, John Blommer, and Ross Finnerty, an Irish youngster, James Conroy.

At this performance the College orchestra rendered its services in the form of three well executed numbers.

By this presentation of "The High School Freshman" the Newman Club won the favor of its audience which gave evidence of thorough enjoyment by sympathetically reacting to the situations.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The last mission meeting of 1929, presided over by Fr. Rufus Esser during the unavoidable absence of the regular moderator, was characterized by a great deal of enthusiasm due to the inspiring nature of the program arranged for the evening. "The Unseen Boy", a one act seasonal mission playlet,

was given by the members of the Third Class. Werner Schmiesing, as the Boy Christ, played his part very well, while Peter Cory and Fred Follmar and others in the cast acted with surprising skill.

The playlet was preceded by a speech on Theophane Venard by Raymond Leonard.

We are proud to announce that our Round Table Study Club this year comprises forty-eight enthusiastic mission students. A successful Round Table Study Club is an advantage to any mission unit, and it is our intention to boost the local Club as much as possible.

The Units' annual Christmas box left some time before Christmas—our gift to the Indians. We hope that the contents were well received. Also much Catholic literature, tinfoil and stamps have been sent to various places.

We also wish to take this occasion to acknowledge gratefully the congratulations of the Very Rev. Msgr. Frank A. Thill on activities of the Dwenger Mission Unit so far this year.

RALEIGH CLUB

The Raleigh Club regretted the fact that "Abie's Irish Rose" was not available for presentation in the College theatre on December 20th. In spite of this fact, however, "The Wheel of Life" with Richard Dix proved to be fairly interesting.

The private entertainment scheduled for the Sunday before Christmas was postponed until some time in January. The members of the Club look forward with interest to the presentation of the "Millionaire Janitor".

Appearances in the club room itself have been greatly enhanced by the installation of a new set of lighting fixtures. The soft and subdued light shed by the new globes is more than restful to the eyes.

We would like to correct a statement made in the last issue of the Collegian regarding over-stuffed arm chairs. The statement should read "Five new ordinary club chairs were purchased."

ALUMNI NOTES

From away out in Lubbock, Texas, there come the words, "I enjoyed the Collegian very much and it gives promise of a successful year. Accept my best wishes for the Collegian and the whole of St. Joseph's student body." We sincerely thank you Fr. Boeckman, and we hope that the New Year will grant you much success in your missionary endeavors.

Complaint has been brought against the Collegian staff by Thomas Corcoran, C. PP. S. for the very serious reason that he has not received his November issue of the Collegian on time. We would hardly accuse our trusty business manager, Herman Reineck, of such a fault. The staff firmly resolves that in future there shall be no delinquencies or delays in sending Mr. Corcoran's monthly Collegian, especially since the staff has verified the fact that he has paid his subscription up to date.

Alumni! Come on! Let this be one of your New Year resolutions: "I will write to my Alma Mater and let her know that I have not forgotten her."

LOCALS

EXTRA

EXPLOSION

EXTRA

A terrific blast! Flying glass, whistling and screaming through the air! Profound silence! Then a rush of the students to see if "Kelly" Bauman had been blown to pieces or just plainly killed! The Professor appears upon the scene with the first and last aid kit; the janitor wonders when the roof will cave in, and the historians are busily recording another explosion in the annals of the Chemistry department. A little excitement such as this furnishes the thrills necessary to make life in the laboratory interesting and agreeable. In the case referred to, however, little "Kelly", who is constantly analyzing test tubes instead of their contents, was perfectly innocent. The authorities have, as yet, been unable to ascertain the reason why William Faber wished to confine so much nitrogen in such a small space. Whether he was home sick for Chicago or not we cannot say. At any rate the explosion that carried part of his apparatus to the ceiling, did not help the generality of the students to concentrate on their own experiments, even though it was not necessary to set the glass puller into motion.

THE REASON

That this section of Indiana enjoys a variable climate is an indisputable fact of long standing. And, it is a little singular, that no one should have attempted an explanation of this curious mystery. It was commonly accepted as gospel truth that this state had found disfavor with the elements, but it was not until some one ventured forth with a startling theory that Indiana weather found a champion.

The individual in question would have us believe that, when we are enjoying the Christmas Holidays and fur coats, the people in the far south are just preparing to revel in the heat of a Fourth of July with the sun beating fiercely upon the harvesters in the wheat fields. While the solar disc is thus making warm friends—or friends warm—on the other side of the equator, and is giving us the cold shoulder, we are really in the Frigid Zone, if a string were tied from the equatorial line to the sun when it is directly above us, so that the tropical belt would move with the sun (providing the string would not break), then the Arctic Circle would advance sufficiently far south to bring Collegeville, by a few miles, within the Frigid Zone.

Remember then, my good fellows, that next June when you will sweat for other reasons than final exams, that a heat is hanging over you of quite the same degree that is found right at the tropic of Capricorn on December 21. Hence when you leave St. Joe after some five or six years of residence and return to the pleasant plains of Ohio or to the scenic hills of Kentucky, you may be sure that you have developed a strong constitution—remember the survival of the fittest! Really you will be physically qualified at least to explore the South Pole, or to take up your abode in the Torrid Zone, or to pursue business interests in any corner of the globe for you will be accustomed to every variety of weather, be it the heat of the equator, the cold of the Arctic Circle, or the fog of London.

The Spiritual Retreat for the students, which began on December 9, was conducted by the Rev.

Fulgence Meyer, a Franciscan missionary of great renown. Father Meyer, who has written a number of books for the instruction and direction of young people, well understands the problems and difficulties that confront the student. For this reason his talks were always filled with pointed advice which, together with his interesting eloquent manner of speaking, solicited the good will of the students so that they eagerly awaited each new conference and lecture. To say that the retreat was one of the best held in recent years, would only be stating it mildly.

On December 12, the day following retreat, a Solemn Highmass was celebrated by the Rev. Ignatius Wagner, C. PP. S., at which time nineteen students made their temporary promise of fidelity to the Society of the Precious Blood. They are: Cletus Bihn, Ralph Bihn, Edmund Binsfeld, Ralph Boker, Henry Bucher, Boniface Dreiling, Lawrence Growney, Urban Hoorman, Cletus Kern, Anthony Krapf, Chester Kruczek, Henry Langhals, Thomas Rieman, Joseph Shaw, Louis Stock, Joseph Szaniszlo, Bela Szemetko, Anthony Vorst, and Carl Wuest. Joseph Dunbar, Urban Iffert, Norman Koller, Leo Kulzer, Thomas Martin, Francis Mooney, and Clarence Schuerman were invested with the cassock. To these students who have thus offered their lives to the service of God, the Collegian extends its heartiest congratulations.

WHAT! NO SANTA CLAUS?

The hustle and bustle that stirred at St. Joe's bright and early December 21st, bespoke intense excitement. "How to catch yesterday's Monon," was the great problem that confronted the vast majority of the students. It might not be anything unusual

that the Hoosier Limited should be a minute or two behind schedule, but when these little minutes grow into hours and almost days then there's something wrong. And so it was! Huge snow drifts blocked the path of the "Iron Horses" that race through "Rensselaer Beautiful", so that for some students the prospect of a good Christmas dinner became a serious question whose issue was very doubtful. It is believed, however, that all reached home in time to meet Santa Claus.

The students who did not choose to spend the holidays at the parental hearth were soon busy making preparations to entertain Santa right here at St. Joe. At an unusually early hour was Collegeville aroused on Christmas morning, this time not by the customary bell, but by heavenly music stealing quietly into the dreams of the sleeping world with soft melodies that carried the soul to the stable in Bethlehem. But a mighty crescendo quickly brought the dreamer to his senses and to the realization that it was time to get up. Five o'clock High Mass was followed by a Low Mass during which the string quartet accompanied the congregation which sang some old German carols.

Soon followed the march (double-quick time) for breakfast. Good old Santa had been there ahead of time and had left an extra large share of candy, nuts, and animal crackers on each plate. Happiness beamed on every face and a Merry Christmas came from every mouth, so that the words of Spencer were fulfilled,

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome Merry Christmas.

In the afternoon a German program was given for the Sisters and Brothers. A two act play, presented by some of the students, who still remembered half of the German alphabet, was the main feature of the afternoon. Michael Vanecho's musical selections, as well as "Doktor Eisenbart", the one act comedy, which topped off the program were received by a very appreciative audience.

On Christmas evening Santa made his formal appearance in the Club, presenting those present with some very necessary toys. Even Brother Fidelis was much pleased to receive a beautiful horn which he used the following morning to arouse those who slumber in his dormitory.

The club was again the scene of a lively party on New Year's day. Prof. Szemetko's Polyphonic Tin Symphony Orchestra played some of Bart Stricker's old time favorites and made music that rivaled the "music" of many of our good jazz orchestras.

During the holidays the Palace Theatre was fortunate enough to have some shows of first class quality. Among them were "Gold-diggers of Broadway" and "Noah's Ark," both of which afforded much enjoyment to the reduced population of Collegeville.

To the Alumni Editor, Leon Frechette, who was recently saddened by the death of his father, and to Walter Junk whose sister, Sister Mary Emiliana, C. PP. S. was lately called to her reward, the students and members of the Collegian Staff extend their sincere sympathy.

But, indeed, we prefer books to pounds; and we love manuscripts better than florins; and we prefer small pamphlets to war horses.—Disraeli.

THE VALLEY OF PINES

Gently and silently falls the soft snow;
Cov'ring the hilltops and valleys below;
Clothing the fir trees in silvery white;
Making all nature a fairyland bright.

Nestled 'neath hemlocks and tall stately pines,
Stands a small cabin whose cheery light shines
Out o'er the snowdrifts so fleecy and high,
Bidding a welcome to all who pass by.

Curling blue smoke the gray chimney breathes forth,
While through the valley sweep winds from the north;
Swaying, then lashing the pines as they go;
Stirring the snowdrifts as onward they blow.

Inside the cabin so cozy and warm,
Sheltered from winter, enjoying its charm,
I sit admiring the flakes as they fly,
Merrily chasing themselves through the sky.

Sometimes I think that these delicate flakes,
Which from its bosom the sky gently shakes
Out o'er the valley of tall stately pines,
Symbolize blessings from God's hand divine.

Raising my eyes then to heaven above,
Thanks to the Lord for His symbol of love
Rend the gray skies o'er the valley of pines,
Where from my cabin a cheery light shines.

John W. Baechle, '30

Although a man's skull has no direct connection with architecture, you cannot have an architect without a skull; and in like manner you cannot have literature without ethics.

ATHLETICS

SENIOR LEAGUE BASKETBALL STANDING

TEAM	W	L	Pct.
Fifths -----	2	0	1000
Fourths -----	2	1	667
Sixths -----	1	1	500
Thir ds -----	1	2	333
Seconds -----	0	2	000

SENIOR LEAGUE BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Fourths	vs.	Seconds
Thir ds	vs.	Sixths
Fifths	vs.	Fourths
Seconds	vs.	Thir ds
Sixths	vs.	Fifths
Fourths	vs.	Thir ds
Seconds	vs.	Sixths
Thir ds	vs.	Fifths
Sixths	vs.	Fourths
Seconds	vs.	Fifths

Although half of the first round of the above schedule is completed, the pennant is far from being decided. By the looks of things, however, the Fifths seem to have the best chance. They have already defeated their two rival teams, the Sixths and Fourths. One thing is sure and that is that the team that wins the bunting this year will have to fight hard for it.

FOURTHS NOSE OUT SECONDS IN SEASON OPENER

When referee "Red" Dreiling tossed up the

basketball at center on December 8, the basketball season was officially opened. In order to celebrate the event, the Fourths defeated the Seconds by a score of 18 to 13.

The victors had no easy time conquering the newly organized Seconds. When the first half ended with the score 8 to 7 in favor of the Fourths, the spectators were indeed greatly surprised. Koller lead the assault for the victors while Forsee, a graduate from last season's Midgit league, played the best game.

FOURTHS	POSITION	SECONDS
Zahn (4)	F.	Forsee (8)
Koller (9)	F.	Owens F.
Conroy	C.	Miller P. (1)
Maloney C.	G.	Grady (2)
Mayer (1)	G.	Scheidler (2)

Substitutions—Fourths, Siebeneck (4).

Referee: W. Dreiling. Umpire: J. Maloney.

SENIORS SWAMP JUNIORS

The score was 26 to 6 when the Thirds were defeated, in their first game, by the Sixths. The responsibility for the Thirds' six points rests upon Bubala and Joe Maloney. "Sal" Dreiling, back in his old form, scored most of the victors' counters.

The Thirds lost almost all their good material of last season, especially in the loss of Toth. The Sixths, although holders of fourth place last year, are determined to put up a good fight for the pennant this year with "Sal" back in the lineup.

SIXTHS	POSITIONS	THIRDS
Grot (2)	F.	J. Maloney (2)
Mathieu	F.	Kemp
M. Dreiling (18)	C.	Besanceney
F. Moore (4)	G.	Follmar
Kraus	G.	Bubala (4)

Substitutions—Sixths: Van Oss, Weiner, Gillig, Faber, Herod, Dreiling, W. Thirds: Vichuras, I., Biggins, Leonard, Krieter, Riedlinger.

Referee: Jim Maloney. Umpire: Zahn.

FIFTHS DEFEAT FOURTHS

In what has proved to be one of the most exciting games of the season thus far, the Fifths overcame the Fourths by a very narrow margin. The Fourths, who held the cellar position last year, fought hard from the start and always held the Fifth's score low. When the first half ended, the score stood 11 to 7 in favor of the Fifths. In the second half, the High School Seniors registered seven points to their opponents' six points. The final whistle blew with the score 17 to 14 in the Fifths' favor. The points were divided well among the players. Three out of twelve fouls were made by the victors while two out of twelve were scored by the conquered.

A great improvement was shown by the Fourths over their last year's playing. Much, however, cannot be said concerning the Fifths as this was their first game of the season. But by the looks of things, the Fifths are the high bidders for the pennant this year.

FIFTHS	POSITIONS	FOURTHS
B. Dreiling (3)	F.	Cardinali (2)
Cross (4)	F.	Koller (2)
Sheeran	C.	Conroy (4)
J. Maloney (3)	G.	Coleman
Sanger	G.	Mayer (4)

Substitutions—Fifths: Mooney, Tatar (7);
 Fourths: Siebeneck (2), C. Maloney.

Referee: W. Dreiling. Umpire: Bubala.

SECONDS DOWNED BY THIRDS

Fifteen minutes after the Fifths defeated the Fourths, the Thirds were on the job defeating the Seconds. Maloney and Bubala lead the attack in defeating the Seconds by a score of 20 to 13.

The thirds and Seconds are two teams that will cause quite a bit of trouble for the pennant seekers.

THIRDS	POSITION	SECONDS
J. Maloney (9)	F.	Forsee (6)
Biggins	F.	F. Owens (2)
Kemp	C.	Miller
Follmar	G.	Grady
Bubala (8)	G.	Scheidler (4)

Substitutions—Thirds: M. Vichuras (1), Leonard (2) Seconds: Fontana (1).

Referee: M. Dreiling. Umpire: W. Dreiling.

FIFTHS COP THRILLER FROM SIXTHS

Never did five minutes seem so long to the Fifths and Sixths as they did in the game of December 17. The Sixths hopped into the lead at the start and kept the lead until within five minutes of

play. The score at half was 10 to 7 in favor of the Sixths.

With but five minutes to play, Maloney sank a foul shot which tied the score. It was here that the fire works began. Cross scored another foul shot putting the Fifths in a one point lead. Not liking this score, "Sal" Dreiling added a basket to the Sixths score and put the latter team in the lead only to have the lead taken away by Tatar. Another field goal, by "Sal" put the Sixths in the lead for the last time. "Bonnie" Dreiling, a few seconds before the final whistle, made the winning point for the Fifths.

It was a game of thrills that has not been seen on the local floor for years. One can expect almost anything when two teams like these meet each other. Marcellus Dreiling was the star of the day, scoring sixteen of his team's twenty points.

SIXTHS	POSITION	FIFTHS
Mathieu (1)	F.	B. Dreiling (4)
Grot (2)	F.	Cross (5)
M. Dreiling (16)	C.	Sheeran
Moore (1)	G.	J. Maloney (5)
Kraus	G.	Tatar (5)

Substitutions—Sixths: Weiner. Fifths: Gibson (2), Mooney.

Referee: Zahn. Umpire: Conroy.

FOURTHS MANAGE TO WIN FROM THIRDS

While displaying fine defensive work and just enough offensive work, the Fourths defeated the Thirds in the last game of 1929 by a score of 20 to 13. Although the Thirds started out with a bang, their six point lead soon dwindled down to a tie at the half. The Fourths, however, had no easy task

running up a score in the second half against the highly improved Thirds.

FOURTHS	POSITION	THIRDS
Zahn (7).	F.	Maloney (8)
Coleman	F.	Leonard
Byrne	C.	Kemp (3)
Wirtz	G.	Follmar
Lanoué (3)	G.	Bubala (2)

Substitutions—Fourths: Cardinali, Koller (5), Siebeneck, Conroy, Maloney (2), Mayer. Thirds: Vichuras, Biggins, Riedlinger, Besanceney, Krieter.

Referee: W. Dreiling. Umpire: B. Dreiling.

LEADING FIVE

	G.	F.	F.G.	T.
M. Dreiling -----	2	2	16	34
Joe Maloney -----	3	5	7	19
Koller -----	3	2	7	16
Forsee -----	2	2	6	14
Bubala -----	3	0	7	14

MIDGET LEAGUE BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Basketeers	vs.	Aces
Kittens	vs.	Boilermakers
Vikings	vs.	Basketeers
Aces	vs.	Kittens
Boilermakers	vs.	Vikings
Basketeers	vs.	Kittens
Boilermakers	vs.	Aces
Kittens	vs.	Vikings
Basketeers	vs.	Boilermakers
Aces	vs.	Vikings

TEAMS	MGRS.	CAPTS.	COACHES
Vikings	Welch		Zahn
Kittens	Bloemer	Roth	Shaw
Boilermakers	E. Brown		
Basketeurs	McKune	Hession	•
Aces	E. Spalding		F. Moore

ACADEMIC LEAGUE SCHEDULE

Seconds	vs.	Fourths
Sixths	vs.	Thirds
Fifths	vs.	Seconds
Fourths	vs.	Sixths
Thirds	vs.	Fifths
Seconds	vs.	Sixths
Fourths	vs.	Thirds
Fifths	vs.	Sixths
Seconds	vs.	Thirds
Fifths	vs.	Fourths

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

Boarder: The buckwheat cakes at my boarding house always remind me of a baseball game.

Friend: How so?

Boarder: The batter don't always make a hit.

A Scotchman in Brooklyn was missing for three days before the police department finally located him in a "Pay-as-you-leave" street car.

Here we have one from Decatur's Weekly News: "For sale—a full blooded cow, giving milk, three tons of hay, a lot of chickens, and several stoves."

Mrs. Brown: Aren't you afraid the birds will eat the seed in your garden? You ought to put up a scarecrow.

Neighbor: Oh, it's not worth it. There's always one of us in the garden.

A Scotchman asked a photographer if he took childrens' pictures and on being informed that he did, asked how much he charged.

Photographer: Four dollars a dozen.

Scotchman: Then I'll have to go some where else, because I have only eleven.

Traffic cop: What's your name.

Truck driver: It's on the side of the truck.

Cop: It's obliterated.

Driver: Yer a liar. It's O'Brien.

"Say that guy Oscar was so lubricated last night that he sold the post office."

"Well, why so down at the mouth about it?"

"Because I bought it."

Another mistake—

Top sargent: Are you a mechanic?

Buck private: No, I'm a McCarthy.

King of Italy: "Are you feeling well today, sir?"

Mussolini: "Yes. Yes, the country's safe for another twenty-four hours."

"I'll never forget the night you proposed," said the wife. "You acted like a fish out of water."

"Yes I was a sucker."

Then the gong sounded for the first round.

Durkin: Are you one of those boys who drop their books as soon as the bell rings?

Reineck: Not me; after I put my books away I usually wait five minutes for the bell to ring.

A LITTLE LENGTHY

The bed was only four foot six
And six foot six was 'Russ';
And when he hit the hay each night,
He added two more plus.

Each time he went through the door
He always bumped his dome,
The top was too close to the floor:
There's no arch like at home.

E. M.

Landlady: And how do you feel now?

Lodger: Just terrible. I feel as if I were going to die.

Landlady: Well you can't die here; this is the living room.

Frenchman: (to his fellow countryman who has become a naturalized British subject) "What have you gained by becoming naturalized?"

The other: "Well in the first place you see, I won the Battle of Waterloo."

Kelly Island waiter: "Well," to the man who had just drunk his seventh cup of coffee, "you must be very fond of coffee."

The visitor: "Yes indeed, or I wouldn't be drinking so much water to get a little."

The proprietor of a tanyard was seriously trying to think of a suitable sign for his premises when suddenly a bright idea struck light in his mind.

He bored a hole through the doorpost and stuck a calf's tail into it with the tufted end out.

After a while he saw a solemn-faced man standing by the door looking at the sign. The tanner watched him a minute and then stepped out and addressed him.

"Good morning sir," he said.

"Good morning," said the other, without taking his eyes off the sign.

"Do you want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.

"No".

"Perhaps you've got some hides to sell?"

"No".

"What do you want, then?"

"I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here for nearly an hour trying to find out how that calf got through that hole."

Voice (on telephone): "Please tell the doctor to hurry over at once—my little girl has swallowed a needle."

Nurse: "Well—the doctor is very busy now. Did you want the needle at once?"

Lady in a butcher shop: Is that the head cheese over there?

Attendant: No, mam, the boss ain't in.

It is strange commentary that the head swells as soon as the mind stops growing.

Boys, make it a point to patronize the firms that advertise in this edition. They are all known in their line for reliability and fair dealings.

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All talking. All talking comedy—Pathe News.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, January 29-30-31

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